

Shy by femmesteve

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve always said that he hated to be spoken to when they fucked, that dirty talk embarrassed him and made him feel weird.

Shy

Author's Note:

@FemmeSteve on Tumblr!!

Steve always said that he hated to be spoken to when they fucked, that dirty talk embarrassed him and made him feel weird. Billy believed that it did embarrass Steve, but he knew for a fact that Steve fucking loved it, too. He knew that a few filthy lines whispered into Steve's ear would make him hard as a rock in his hand. He'd swat at Billy's face and turn red, but there was no denying the way that it turned him on.

Billy treated it like a game sometimes. Pressed his luck. He'd sidle up behind Steve and wrap his arms around his waist, mouth on his neck as Steve warmed up to his touch. Took the bait and leaned into it.

"Feel it?" He'd ask, rubbing his hard cock against Steve's ass, "Daddy's friend wants to play with you, baby," His rumbling voice would break off into laughter when Steve shoved away and stalked off.

The game was always the best when Steve was already horny, wound up from an hour of making out and useless dry humping. It lasted longer, gave Billy a dozen chances. Steve was more reluctant to leave, hiding his face when it warmed from Billy's words. Shy, but listening.

He'd hold Steve down and curl his tongue against his ear, breathing hot into the damp shell as Steve whimpered and ground down against his thigh. Billy could touch Steve all over, playing with his nipples underneath his shirt and groaning at the little responses they got him. Steve always looked so good when he was wrecked, hard as a rock and eager to have something inside of him. It was hard not to tell him. Billy always had to tell him how he looked.

"You're so fucking hot, Steve. Love it when you rub yourself on me like the little slut you are," Billy would grasp Steve's chin and look him in the face, "Are you a little slut? Tell daddy you're a little slut, tell daddy the fucking truth," He'd be getting a little carried away,

grinding hard against Steve as he stared into his vulnerable eyes that screamed “make me.”

Steve’s lip would tremble and his eyes would get wet, overwhelmed and sweaty. He hated that he liked it when Billy spoke to him that way. He hated those words coming out of his mouth and how they made him feel.

“Call me daddy, Stevie.”

The WORSE. He’d never done it, had never sunk that far into Billy’s game. Too ashamed, too weirded out, but weirdly so hot by the idea. It was so hot that Billy wanted that. Wanted that taboo role. Wanted Steve to give into his fantasy.

“Call me daddy. Say it, baby, be my good boy,” Hitting hard into Steve’s tight heat, fingers squeezing around his throat as Steve emitted ragged sounds of pleasure, “Wanna hear you say it..”

Billy dreamed about Steve saying that one word to him. The game would be over for good then, making Billy the winner of his own cruel, little game.